FAMOUS CITY OF SPAIN

TOLEDO, ONCE CALLED BY SPANISH "THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

Peculiarities of Railway Travel—A Great Hunting Ground—Migrations of Shepherds and Their Flocks.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

TOLEDO, Spain, April 12.—It is a tedious journey from Merida to this long-extinguished "Light of the World," with little to recommend it of scenic beauty and nothing of comfort. You may choose between two routes—one following the Guadiana river most of the way, the other the Tagus, both necessitating many changes of cars. Our party decided on the much shorter route of the Guadiana, though half of it retraced our steps over the monotonous plains so lately traversed. The pleasant English family with whom we joined forces at Cadiz for the tour of Spain preferred the roundabout route to Toledo, via Badajoz and Caceres, as it led through unvisited territory. The parting arrangement was that we, who expected to arrive at least a day in advance of the others, should secure quarters for all in the Fonda Imperial, said to be the best hotel in Toledo, and have apartments waiting for our belated friends. When we finally reached the ultima thule, some seventy hours later, bedraggled and worn from sitting bolt upright two long nights in the uncomfortable day cars, we were met at the station by the English party, fresh and trim after a night's rest in the hotel, they having arrived on the previous afternoon! However, this experience does not establish a rule to go by, for "the longest way around" is by no means always "the surest" in this land of manana.

Most of the Spanish railways were built by French capital at enormous cost, and all who have suffered from them will agree that they are about the worst-constructed and mismanaged railways on the face of the earth. They appear to be run solely for the amusement of the employes, tarrying long in unexpected places for no discoverable reason and paying not the slightest heed to making connections. And the most aggravating thing to the foreigner is that nobody cares the least little bit for his troubles. Native passengers, never having known any better service, take the unnecessary delays quite as a matter of course, and utterly fail to comprehend why any traveler should raise a rumpus over so trifling an incident as missing the through train—thereby having to sit up another night in the common coach—merely because the train waited a couple of hours at a crossroads junction for some powerful hidalgo's wife to get her children ready for a ride to the next town.

QUEER RAILWAY SYSTEM.

But even the creeping pace of ten miles an hour—the average "speed" of these trains, if one may so misuse a word—is better than the old way of donkey-back transit in crossing such dreary regions as the plains of Castile and La Mancha; and in pleasanter parts of the country the traveler blesses the slowness which enables him to enjoy the prospect longer. The rate of progress is usually restricted by law on account of the danger incurred by the spreading of rails exposed to the full heat of the sun on sandy plains; but though the law rigorously discourages speed, it has nothing to say in regard to keeping up with schedule time and fulfilling contracts with ticket-buyers. Fifty years ago there were only twenty kilometers of railway in the whole country. Now about 9,000 kilometers are in operation and half as many more under concession. The best stations are extremely poor, and the filthiness of every place to which railway servants and Spanish passengers of every class have access is notorious. Most trains have one better and somewhat cleaner coach labeled "Reservado para Senoras"—reserved for ladies. Another singular feature is a small, square closet carriage attached to some trains containing two tiny compartments set side by side marked "Para Senors" and "Para Senoras." All the railway officials, from guards to brakemen, ride "first class," often occupying half the available space in the carriage and always the best seats, whatever may become of the poor passengers who have paid extortionate charges, packed like sardines in a box.

And then the eternal trouble with luggage would cause an archangel to display his temper. Indeed, the least you carry about of either commodity—luggage or temper—on a journey through Spain the better for your pleasure. Each passenger is permitted to take with him into the coach one satchel or bundle, and the rest of his baggage is relegated to the van. Delays at the stations in getting baggage ready to pass, satisfying customs officials and paying extra charges for overweight are most vexatious and cause you to miss many a train, and as no checks are given and robberies of luggage are frequent you will find it well to put no valuables into your trunks.

DIPLOMACY NEEDED.

The soft answer that turneth away wrath is particularly needed here, often accompanied by the soothing influence of a silver peso, and always by the exaggerated politeness of the Latin. To lose patience with the stupidest Spanish officials is also to lose your cause, inevitably and irrevocably. Whatever happens, strive to maintain an unruffled demeanor and to outdo the Spaniard himself in his own coin of meaningless compliment, remembering always that "silence is golden"—when nothing can be gained by speech. Every Spaniard, whatever his class, considers himself un caballero Christiano viejo y rancio—a Christian gentleman of old and honorable origin—and he looks down upon all foreigners as less well born. When his self-esteem is stroked the right way, like the fur on a kitten's back, his natural courtesy blooms as a tropical flower and he will put himself to any trouble to accommodate the judicious stranger whose words have set him upon what he believes to be his proper pedestal. All attempts to bully and browbeat him are worse than waste of time. The Spaniard does not live—at least on his own soil—who could be driven with an iron rod in the hand of an American; and in these uncertain times civil words are the latter's best protection in the land which believes itself wronged by superior prowess. With these intensely sensitive people "hats off" on both sides, is the signal of peace and good will, and when the hats are not lifted, figuratively or otherwise, the Spaniard bristles up like the porcupine against suspicion of disdain.

There is no other part of Europe, if indeed of the world, with which to compare Estramadura province—so named from being the Extreme Oro, or "extreme" conquest of Alonso IX. There are steppes in Russia, deserts in Arabia and sandy wastes in Africa which resemble part of Estramadura; but nowhere else has nature combined such widely dissimilar features in so small a compass. Watered by two noble streams—the Tagus and the Guadiana, both of which any other people would have rendered navigable for hundreds of miles—the region became a flourishing granary under the Romans and a garden under the Moors. To this day the gypsies speak of it as "Chin del Manro," the land of corn. But with the passing of the wise and gentle Arabians, it went back to the original desert; and bids fair to remain so, though a little fitful activity has been aroused in recent years by pushing two railroads through and opening up the mines of Almaden and Casceres.

A GREAT HUNTING GROUND.

Including its several towns and cities, the whole province of Estramadura—190 miles long by ninety broad—has less than 700,000 inhabitants, and in a long day's journey you will hardly meet a human creature. Everything displays the exuberant vigor of the sun, yet the production of weed and grain seems rather the caprice of nature than the work of man. Lonely pastures and leagues upon leagues of burning desert are an absolute preserve for the sportsman. Dangerous beasts abound, as well as all manner of troublesome insects; while the swampy banks of the Guadiana are literally swarmed with wild fowl—which, by the way, should be hunted in winter, if ever; because in summer the region is infected with fevers and argue, and mosquitoes are unbearable. Besides numerous birds of prey, enormous flights of turtle-doves come over from Barbary to breed; and they coo all over the country, in pairs, models of connubial felicity. These are the same "Doves of the West," or their direct descendants, which brought ambrosia to Jupiter, according to classical history, and then retired to Africa to visit the Temple of Venus. How can any man with a spark of poetry in his soul shoot one of these harmless pigeons? But they do—especially Englishmen and Americans. They come over here on purpose and spend months in the so-called sport, enduring all manner of hardships for the mere pleasure of slaughtering the innocents.

It is hard to understand how such rich territory has been allowed to relapse into its primeval condition. The causes are many, including bad government, both civil and religious, disease, warfare, and to hereditary and hopeless laziness, the added curse of the mesta, or migratory system of Merino sheep, which are the true flocks of the nomad Bedouin. The mesta began in this way: When the Spaniards of the thirteenth century expelled the industrious Moors from Estramadura they razed the cities and ravaged the country, massacred most of the inhabitants and drove the rest away to die in slavery. The conquerors called this "pacification;" but it made a barren solitude of the once happy Arabian Felix. Nature is extremely prolific of weed and cacti here and soon obliterated every trace of furrow from vast tracts which had previously been under highest cultivation. Only a very small portion of it was ever recultivated by the lazy soldiers—conquerors; and the new population, scanty and inefficient as it was, perished almost to a man by the great plague of 1348; after which whole districts were left unclaimed. These were termed valdios (uncultivated), whence the Spanish law term, verde valde.

TO PASTURE FLOCKS.

At length these unclaimed pastures attracted the attention of Highland shepherds from Leon and Castile, who drove their flocks down to them as to milder winter quarters, returning to their cool hills on the approach of scorching summer. Hence, by degrees, a prescriptive right of agistment was claimed over these "commons," and the districts were set apart and apportioned accordingly. Both climate and country suggested the system, which is really of remotest antiquity and not unlike that of the trattari in the Abruzzi, of Roman times. Naturally no end of disputes arose between the wandering shepherds and fixed cultivators until in 1576 a compromise was effected, whereby the privileges of a few of the wealthiest sheep proprietors prevailed under the peculiar jurisdiction known as consijo de la mesta, which was suppressed about sixty years ago. The privileges of the feudal union of nobles and rich landed proprietors, whose origin is lost in antiquity, were abominably unjust and oppressive. All agricultural pursuits were made impossible by the regulation which required highways and farms to remain unfenced near the paths of the sheep. Even those peasants whose lands lay at considerable distance from the usual track were not secure, but were in constant danger of having their crops swept away in a moment. If there was resistance or remonstrance it was punished as barbarously as treason, and the consequence was that the farmers, growing desperate, became outlaws, and, in turn, preyed upon the society whose iniquitous laws had driven them from home.

The term merino is derived from marino (quasi ultra-marine), being the original breed of sheep which was imported from England, under Henry II; while others derive the name from imi, the famous flocks of Palestine. The sheep, called trashumantes—from the ground they went over and destroyed, were divided into detachments of about ten thousand each. Their highland summer quarters were quitted late in October, for winter ones on the warm plains—each detachment managed by a mayoral, or conductor, who had under him fifty shepherds and as many dogs. Some of the flocks traveled more than 150 leagues, occupying forty days in the journey, every night penned in with rope nettings of esparti. By the laws of the mesta, a free sheep walk, ninety paces wide, was left on each side of the highway, which entirely prevented inclosure, or anything like good husbandry.

SHEPHERDS AND SWINEHERDS.

To this day the nomadic habits of the shepherds who conduct the merinos on their periodical transmigrations, constitute the most striking peculiarity of Iberia peasant life and are responsible for the desolation of Estramadura. The sheep are driven with crooks, as in Bible times, and shepherds still watch their flocks by night, as when the star in the East announced the birth of Christ. When a stream is reached it is crossed by means of pontoon bridges, kept in appointed places for the purpose. The course of the flocks is marked by complete devastation—not a green shrub nor sprig of grass being left behind. Their approach is heralded from afar by clouds of dust and the shrill notes of the shepherds' horns.

Second only to the brown sheep of Estramadura are the brown swine, a portion of the province—that covered with forests of oak and cork trees—being a porcine paradise whose sausages, hams and pig skins are famed throughout Europe. To this day about the only roads in Estramadura are those made by sheeep and swine; yet the strange province has produced two very great men—Pizarro and Cortez, who were both swine herders and sallied forth to conquer a new world—one from the village of Trujillo, the other from Medellin.

The imperial city of Toledo, whose boast is that she has been free since the time of the Goths, lies upon a hilltop and is most imposing when seen from afar. So steep is the street leading up from the railway station that the traveler should not trust his precious bones to any wheeled vehicle, for bones are not easily mended in Spain, but walk to his hotel in the heart of the city, crossing the old Roman bridge and avoiding deceptive "short cuts."

FANNIE B. WARD.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

A TEMPERANCE ADDRESS OF A VIGOROUS SORT ONCE MADE BY HIM.

Characteristic Communication from the Great Preacher Found in an Old Copy of the Journal.

In old newspaper files one may find many things of interest long since forgotten, but well worth bringing to the light once more. Here is a communication from Henry Ward Beecher, written for the Indiana State Journal, which, in all probability, has never been published elsewhere. It appears in the issue of Jan. 12, 1846, when Mr. Beecher occupied his Indianapolis pulpit, and has in it so much of the vigor and power and moral courage that made this preacher great as to make it very interesting reading. It will be especially so to those who appreciate a powerful word for temperance.

It seems that one C. G. W. Comegys, who had formerly been a prominent church member and temperance man in Indianapolis, had gone to Lawrenceburg, where, in addition to figuring in benevolent work and superintending a Sabbath-school, he embarked in the distilling business. Mr. Beecher, it further seems, severely, and more than once severely, criticised him for this, and in return Mr. Comegys published in the Journal of Jan. 10 a communication excoriating the "reverend gentleman" for meddling with his business, and explaining "to the citizens of Indianapolis" that he had established a distilling apparatus in connection with his flouring mill because others did so and the business demanded it. It was a case of make whisky or fail with the flouring mill. Distilling was not what it should be, perhaps, but it was "made moral and honorable by law and commerce." "If the business is wrong," argued Mr. Comegys, "let the law account for that wrong—if it carries ruin to weak men, let the law answer for it." He also added, in the tone of a threat, that the attacks on him must cease.

It was somewhat unfortunate for the Christian distiller that this bad logic and worse morals should have been used against such an ardent champion as this young preacher, who was then in the full fervor of his zeal for righteousness. He made the most of the occasion, and his two-column response makes an anti-liquor document which the temperance people might, at this or any other day, put into a pamphlet.

The caption of his communication is: "Can a Man be a Distiller and a Christian?" He speaks of Comegys as "a temperance man, a Christian professor, a moral instructor of youth, whose only justification for engaging in a business prolific of every evil that afflicts humanity * * * is that he can make money by it and the law allows it. I forgot," he adds, "there is another argument, viz.: that if I do not let the matter alone he will thrash me! * * * I think, indeed, that a Christian minister soundly whipped by a Christian distiller would be a spectacle of edification seldom vouchsafed to the church or the world. * * * I must inform him that if worst comes to worst I shall engage a Quaker and a woman to stand by and fight for me in that disastrous hour; and if he vanquishes the three—a Quaker, a preacher and a woman—the scene shall be engraved, and, if I might suggest, it should go with the distiller's mark upon the head of each whisky barrel, reminding every beholder both of what the manufacturer has done and what the contents of the barrel will enable others to do."

After further comments, sarcastic and trenchant, the writer arraigns Comegys as follows:

"I charge upon this professor of religion, C. G. W. Comegys, the regular and habitual making of an agent, for purposes of gain, which, by the accordant and unanimous consent of all intelligent physiologists and physicians, carries physical injury and mischief to every organ, tissue and fibre of the human body.

"I charge him with manufacturing an agent which the awful experience of millions has shown to be destructive to every pure and social feeling; engendering feuds and quarrels, dismembering families, and creating wherever it comes domestic wretchedness and anguish, in their most dreadful forms.

"I charge him with manufacturing that agent which is the disclosed and acknowledged enemy of every industrial pursuit of mankind, the deadly destroyer of industry and thrift upon the farm, in the shop, on the ship, behind the counter, in the office and wherever there are hands to work or work to be done.

"I charge him with habitually and regularly manufacturing that agent, therefore, which is declared to be by the common consent of civilized society the foe of agriculture, of manufactures, of commerce, of rest and of learning.

"I charge him with making and vending for money an agent which destroys every moral sensibility, paralyzes the conscience, forestalls religion and dethrones its authority.

"I charge him with manufacturing an agent whose legitimate effects are to be seen in loathsome excesses, in the brutal wallowings of animalized men, in the shameful spewings of drunkenness, in the turbulence of mobs, in the abominations of the brothel, an agent whose fell effects are to be read in the records of the hospital, in the books of the insane retreat, in the annals of the poorhouse, in the calendars of jails and penitentiaries, in the history of the gallows and in the uninscribed, disgraced graves of self-ruined culprits.

"'I charge him with manufacturing an agent which, causing all these evils, ruins its victims even more utterly for the other world, destroying together both body and soul. * * *

"'If you will openly renounce your temperance pledge and as openly renounce your allegiance to a Christian church you will then stand upon the common level of all distillers and I shall no longer distrust you. But be assured so long as God spares my reason and my courage there shall not be wanting one to stand up for religion and publicly to defend it from the imputation of winking at such infamous traffic."

Mr. Beecher came to Indianapolis from Lawrenceburg, Ind., in 1839, and remained here till 1847, when he accepted a call to Brooklyn, N. Y. His church, the second Presbyterian church built in the city, stood on the northwest corner of Market street and the Circle. Subsequently it was known as English's Hall and was torn away but a few years since. A visitor to Indianapolis in 1846 (Mr. Charles Butler) became interested in the young divine, recognizing his great promise, and thus spoke of him in a private letter: "He is an extraordinary young man, highly gifted as to talents, a remarkably fine speaker * * * with a wonderful knowledge of human nature. * * * He is an able reasoner, too. Old Dr. Beecher more than lives in this son again."

GEO. S. COTTMAN.

THE PARSON'S CIRCUS HORSE.

He Makes an Untimely Display of the Trick a Clown Taught Him.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Memory in horses varies almost as much as it does in human beings," remarked one of a group discussing animal intelligence a few evenings ago. "Some rattle-brained nags will forget a thing about as soon as they learn it, while others, apparently much denser, never let go of the smallest scrap of knowledge that has ever trickled through their thick pates. That applies particularly to tricks, and reminds me, by the way, of an amusing little incident. In the small town where I grew up there was an 'old-school' Presbyterian preacher who was, in every particular, a model of austere propriety. He was tall and gaunt, with a square-cut iron-gray beard and a long, smooth-shaven upper lip, and I doubt exceedingly whether such a thing as a smile ever crossed his countenance.

"One day there was a horse auction in the vicinity, and the clergyman, happening by while it was in progress, saw a nag that struck his fancy exactly. He was a venerable, slow-moving beast, with a very solemn expression, and the auctioneer guaranteed that he was an ideal traveler under the saddle. As a matter of fact, the ancient plug had been the trick horse of a small circus, but, becoming worthless through old age, had been traded off to a dealer. During his performing days the act would always open with the clown riding him into the ring, and when he tossed the reins over his neck as if to dismount, the horse would suddenly hump his back and throw him nearly through the top of the tent. That bucking throw was really remarkable and was the star trick of the whole repertoire.

"Knowing nothing of all this ribald history, the clergyman bid in the old-timer for a song, and, next day being Sunday, saddled up his horse to ride to church. He had a large Bible under one arm and a blue gingham umbrella under the other, and as he came slowly down the road I remember being impressed by the strong resemblance between the old gentleman and his steed. When he reached the church door he called out: 'Whoa, Peter!' and tossed the reins over the animal's neck. Then a terrible thing happened. Perhaps the voice of the parson resembled that of the clown, or perhaps the circus veteran, receiving his familiar cue, thought that this was a special occasion for showing off. At any rate he suddenly lowered his head, at the same time humping his back, and the astonished dominie, still clutching his Bible and umbrella, soared out of the saddle like a rock from a catapult. He turned several somersaults in midair and brought up sitting in blackberry bush. It wouldn't be fair to repeat what he said, but his remarks were quite out of his usual line. Meanwhile the old horse was looking around innocently for applause. When the circus story came to light next day the parson sold him for $3."

A BRIGHT LIGHT DIMMED

THE ONCE-FAMOUS ANNA DICKINSON NOW A MENTAL WRECK.

A Brilliant and World-Wide Career Drawing to Its Pathetic Close in an Obscure New York Village.

Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Letter in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Anna Dickinson, once the star of the lyceum, a woman whose mental power and eloquence captivated audiences everywhere, has of late years dropped out of public view. There was a time when her name was as familiar as those of the most famous orators and scholars of the day. In her prime she was a splendid type of American womanhood. Nature had equipped her with a mind that retained the best that books could supply, with a tongue that moved the hearts of hearers to deeds of valor, and with a magnetism that held spellbound all who listened. Fame and fortune came to her while yet the flush of youthful vigor was reflected in her classic features.

But there came a time unfortunate for her and the victories she had achieved, when, like a falling star, she dropped from her high place and descended into a mysterious obscurity. Her passing was as remarkable as her swift flight to distinguished honors had been.

Many no doubt have wondered at times what has become of this gifted woman. These will be interested to know that Anna Dickinson is still in the land of the living, a resident of New York, an embittered, disappointed woman. There are friends who will never forget what she has been, and it is to these, probably, that she is indebted for the care and comfort that surround her in her declining years. The story of her descent from the high plane of her popularity and pinnacle of success has perhaps never been fully told. It is interesting.

There was a time when Philadelphia was prouder of Anna Dickinson than any other person to whom it had given birth. That was when she was at the zenith of her glory and popularity as a lyceum star. In her day men reckoned her as a modern Joan d'Arc, so far as her enthusiasm in arousing patriotic devotion for the country's flag was concerned. Her work when the civil war broke out was amazingly significant, her eloquence stirred the souls of young men who hastened to enlist. In all that she ever did she was defiantly aggressive. At one time in her career she was the idol of every loyal man and woman in the country. Crowds flocked to hear her and managers paid her $500 a night for her work on the platform. Her genius was paramount, her intellect effulgent, her manners magnetic. Such was Anna Dickinson, the distinguished Philadelphian, the daughter of Quaker parents.

WANTED A STAGE CAREER.

It was in 1876 that Anna Dickinson made the mistake of her life. Her mother and sister Susan then resided in West Pittston, near this city. She went there at the close of a very successful lecture season. But she carried with her new ideas for the future. For some time she kept these to herself, she sought no confidences, she courted no companionship even in her home. Her mother and her sister waited in vain for an exhibition of the tender solicitude which in the past she had so often shown. But it never came. She seemed a changed woman in every way. Finally, she took the sister into her confidence and startled her with the statement that she was going on the stage.

To the sister the announcement was appalling. She knew what protests would come from their Quaker mother when she heard of Anna's determination, that mother who looked upon the playhouse as the gateway to perdition.

"But she must not know of it," said Anna when her sister mentioned this, and the sister, who promised to keep it from her, if she could, never dreamed what a task she was to have. It dawned upon her at last, when her talented sister's ambition became known to the world at large.

When it was learned that Anna Dickinson was preparing to go on the stage all the newspapers commented on the fact. The mother, though advanced in years, was still a great reader. Certain Philadelphia and New York papers were taken to her each morning, and she read them carefully. But when the gossip about Anna's stage ambition was in the air it became necessary for the devoted sister to clip from each paper all references to the matter. The curiosity of the mother was finally aroused, and at last, when she ascertained the truth, her heart was nearly broken.

COUNSELED BY FRANCES WILLARD.

In the meantime the mails brought to Anna Dickinson bushels of letters from the good and great in all parts of the country. Illustrious women like Frances Willard and Susan B. Anthony wrote, beseeching her not to desert the platform where she was destined to do so much good. Famous clergymen joined their efforts in fervent appeals to her to reconsider her determination. But these petitions were of no avail. She flung them aside. All the obstinacy of her nature rebelled against advice from any quarter. To a friend, a newspaper man, she said: "Do these people think I am a fool? I can do nothing on the platform without inspiration. I have talked against slavery, for the preservation of the Union, and against the political evils supplementing the war. But all this is in the past. There is absolutely nothing to inspire me now. I feel like an automaton when I am repeating my Joan d'Arc lectures. I shall lecture no more."

She meant just what she said. At one time Frances Willard sought an audience with her. Anna granted it, and a strange scene followed. They had been dear and warm friends. Relying upon this Miss Willard tried to show her friend that inspiration could be found in the temperance field. At this suggestion Anna Dickinson's black eyes flashed as she replied: "Your ideas of temperance and mine are wide apart. I do not believe in total abstinence. I have no sympathy with the class of reformers you represent. If you have come to convert me I tell you now and for the last time that your mission is a fruitless one. You go your way and I will go mine," and Miss Willard went, tearfully.

It was a Boston banker, belonging to the literary circle of Beacon street, who put it into the head of Anna Dickinson that she would make a great actress, who made her believe that she could fill the shoes of the great Charlotte Cushman. Anna had given her "Joan D'Arc" in Boston, and she tarried with the literary set for two or three days. She was received with distinguished favor. The banker was particularly impressed; he followed and flattered her, and gave a dinner at which all the literary bigwigs of Boston were presented to the famous lyceum star. This Boston adulation possibly turned Miss Dickinson's head. "Can I ever become a Cushman?" rang in her ears. She thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night, until the unhappy conviction came that she could be, and she hurried off to begin the task of preparation. She went to West Pittston, where she knew isolation could be found. There she remained for some time, keeping to herself, for after the visit of Frances Willard she left orders that she was not in to any visitors.

SHE WRITES A PLAY.

While at her home she made up her mind to write a play. Her first intention was to make her debut in it, and she employed herself with unrelenting zeal. The work told on her, and a physician commanded her to lay it aside for at least one day in the week. There was danger in the task unless she obeyed him, and she did. The play was finally finished. It was a Roman tragedy, which she named "Aurelian," after the leading character. She had written the part of Zenobia for herself. The dramatic season had opened and the great McCullough was appearing in Philadelphia. Miss Dickinson's thought turned to him, and she resolved that he should read the play. She committed "Aurelian" to the care of a friend, who went to Philadelphia and read it to McCullough. The great tragedian listened with rapt attention, and when it was finished he said: "That is sublime and I will take it willingly." But when he learned that there were conditions attached to its acceptance, and that the greatest of these was that Miss Dickinson was to appear with him in the role of Zenobia, he turned sorrowfully away and declined any further negotiations. The play was returned to Miss Dickinson, who locked it up, and although many efforts were made to secure it by enterprising managers who had heard of its exquisite beauty she refused to listen to any proposition involving its disposition. The play is still in her possession, a most remarkable production and one that would probably win a great success.

CHILDS WAS INTERESTED.

What happened to Anna Dickinson when she finally made her appearance on the stage is a matter of history, but her production of Hamlet in skirts is still talked about. Misfortunes did not come singly. With failure on the stage came heavy losses of money she had invested in Chicago real estate. She was reduced financially. She knew that there were friends in Philadelphia, who would be likely to help her if she would ask them, but she was too proud to do that, and she struggled on, eking a bare existence with her pen.

When Henry M. Hoyt, of this city, was Governor of Pennsylvania, he one day dropped into the office of the late George W. Childs, owner of the Philadelphia Ledger, and during the talk that followed Childs, with whom he was on very friendly terms, asked him if he had ever met Anna Dickinson. The Governor replied that he had that honor on one occasion, before she went on the stage, and while she was still lecturing.

"Well," said Childs, "then I wish to ask your advice on a little matter. I received to-day a letter from Miss Dickinson, whom I know intimately, and for whom I have the highest regard, and she asks me for a loan of a sum sufficient to permit her to extend her dramatic experiments. Now, Governor, I tell you right here that if Anna Dickinson asked me for this loan for any other purpose in the world than the one she wants it for the check would have been off before this. But, in my opinion, it would be doing an injustice to one who deserves the highest consideration at the hands of her loyal countrymen for the good work she did during the dark days of the civil war. Governor, I tell you truly, that, in my eyes, Anna Dickinson stands on the same plane with Grant, Sherman and other of our generals. In her way she did as much for our country as any of them did, and she shall never want as long as I have a dollar."

FANNY DAVENPORT'S PART.

After her failure as an actress Miss Dickinson and the late Fanny Davenport met and became very chummy. All one season they roomed together in the same flat in New York. Of course, the company of two such distinguished women was much sought, and Miss Dickinson obtained her first insight into that Bohemia which is part of the life at and around the theaters. She was charmed and fascinated, and she, on her part, delighted all with whom she came in contact. She was possessed of personal magnetism that was never at fault and a mental reservoir that overflowed with bright thoughts; she was never dull. Davenport had plenty of money, which she shared generously with her companion, and Miss Dickinson made some by her literary work. Finally, Miss Davenport engaged her friend to write a play for her, promising to take it on the road the following season, and pay a liberal royalty.

"The American Girl" resulted. Miss Davenport kept her promise, engaged a good company, put out a great deal of money in staging it, and started. Miss Dickinson remained in New York, and her average income from the royalties on the play was $300 a week. The play took well, made a hit from the start and Miss Davenport was delighted with it. At New Orleans she found it desirable to make a few slight changes in the text. It in no way changed the original conception of the play, and the alterations were really trivial. She wrote to Miss Dickinson informing her what she had done. It was a fatal missive. Anna flew into a rage when she read her friend's letter, and she wrote in reply a stinging rebuke. When Miss Davenport received this she, too, was angry, and she promptly canceled all dates for the play, put "The American Girl" on the shelf, and the two women, who had contributed so much to its success, drifted apart.

COMMITTED TO AN ASYLUM.

From that time Anna Dickinson's career was a sad and troubled one. Almost seven years ago, while at her home in West Pittston, she acted so strangely as to impress her friends with the idea that she was losing her mind. She was subsequently sent to the Danville Asylum for the Insane, where, however, she remained but a short time. Some time after her release she began suit against several persons in West Pittston, whom she charged had conspired to put her in a madhouse. On the first trial the jury disagreed, and on the second she was given a verdict of 6½ cents damages. She declared at the time that all she wanted was the morale of a verdict in her behalf, as that would be of great assistance to her in a suit for libel against the publisher of a New York newspaper.

At the time she was committed to the Danville asylum a West Pittston physician made out the necessary certificates, but when it was ascertained that he had not had twenty-five years' experience as required by law a veteran doctor of Danville was called in and he supplied the certificates. In time Miss Dickinson brought suit against him in the United States Circuit Court, and the case has hung fire for some time, but is down for trial at the next session in Scranton.

Miss Dickinson's mother passed away several years ago and her sister Susan is now employed on a Scranton paper.

Anna Dickinson, who has had figuratively, presidents, senators, governors and all sorts of distinguished men at her feet in her day, is now a forlorn and almost forgotten woman, living quite out of public life in some quiet corner of New York.

If she had not met that Boston banker her career might have been a different one. She has filled a strange destiny.

Consolation for a Bride.

Detroit Free Press.

When the matron called upon the bride of three months she discovered her in tears.

"Why, my dear, what is the matter?" she cried.

"I want to die! I want to die! sobbed the bride. "When—when he c-came home last night he didn't k-k-kiss me!" she sobbed.

"My dear," said the matron, "you'll get over that. When my husband came home last night he did kiss me and I've been wondering ever since what he has been up to."

In Arlington Side by Side.

Up from the gulf's blue waters
With Sigsbee in command,
The gallant battleship Texas
Steered for her native land.
Her rails were low in the billow,
A deeper draught she drew
Than the day she pounded the Colon,
For she carried a double crew.

One sung in the tops and turrets,
Busy and blithe and bold;
One, burned and blackened and battered,
Lay deep in the darkened hold.
For under their old commander
The sailors of the Maine,
From the dust of the grave arisen,
Came speeding home again.

Jack-o'-the-dust and coxswain,
And able seamen all,
Taking their final voyage,
But deaf to the bo'sun's call.
Past the conquered castle of Morro,
The black guns of Key West,
And Newport News with its shipyards,
To a port of eternal rest.

From many a far-off country
They came to the stripes and stars,
Celt and Danish and Norseman,
But all of them Yankee tars.
Shipmates they sailed together,
As shipmates, too, they died;
And shipmates still they are sleeping
In Arlington, side by side.

—Minna Irving, in Leslie's Weekly.